

The Athenian Mercury :

Tuesday, May 29. 1694.

To Mr. TATE,
ON
His New Poem of the late Promotions, &c.

SHAME on the Blatent Beast which lewdly says
We of th' Inspir'd, Barter, or Sell our Praise:
'Tis a just Debt, to shining Virtue due,
From you to your great Theme, from us to you.
For you, ev'n Envy's self, and blear-ey'd Spite
Must own you've done your mighty Subject, right.
Must own, you draw so like, and yet so fine,
Th' Original and Copy both divine:
Not those clear Streams a lovelier Image gave
Where the fond Hunter languish'd o're the Wave.
Zeuxes his noble Pencil's sham'd by you,
The Birds his Grapes, we think the Men are true.
If Natures self wou'd write she'd learn of Thee
So pure thy Style, thy Words so just and free,
In all a charming Air of Modestie.
Thy easy Numbers, soft as Love, present
Chains, not of Slavery, but of Ornament:
The willing Words in decent Order flow,
Of each we say it cou'd not but be so.
With such a pow'rful, yet a gentle sway
High Heav'n commands, and all the World obey.

Quest. 1. From the Pindarical Lady.

'Twas nobly thought, and worthy—still!
So I resolv'd t' employ my Loyal Quill.
Virtue, and our unequal'd Heroes praise!
What Theams more glorious can exact my Lays?
William! A Name my Lines grow proud to bear!
A Prince as Great, and wondrous Good, as e're
The sacred Burden of a Crown did wear.
Resolve me, then, Athenians, what are those,
(Can there be any such?) You call his Foes?
His Foes, curst word, and why they'd pierce his Breast,
Ungrateful Vipers! where they warmly rest?

Answ.

Their Name is Legion, grinning from afar
Against the Throne, who wage unequal War;
Tho' nearer, on perpetual Guard, attends
A far more numerous Host of brighter Friends:
Around our Prince, Heav'n's Care, the sacred Band
With fiery Arms in firm Battalia stand:
To him, mild Light, and Lambent Beams they show,
But Wrath and Terror to his harden'd Foe.
See the black Phalanx melt, they melt away,
As guilty Ghosts slink from approaching Day.
Behold their Leaders, deckt in horrid State,
Nor wonder why they Heav'n and Cæsar hate.
First mark their haughty General, arm'd compleat
In Plates of glowing Steel! 'tis Lucifer the great!
See his proud Standard o're his Tent enlarg'd!
With bloated Toads, an odious Bearing, charg'd.
The ancient Arms which once his Shield adorn'd,
Tho' tis of late to Flour-de-Lis's turn'd.
Oft Thunder-struck, he still renew'd his Claim,
The Universal Tyranny his Aim:
All Instruments of Death he with him bears,
Learnt from the old and new Celestial Wars:
Then murdring Guns he us'd, as Milton sings,
Now, to the fight more murdring Bombs he brings.
Prodigious showers their horrid Intrails hold
Of deadly Iron, but far more deadly Gold.
That only scarce refitible is found,
With that the Dragon brings the Stars to th' ground:
No Steel, no Adamant sufficient Fence,

Nothing but naked Truth, and Innocence;
This all his boasted Arts and Arms can mock
And breaks, with Softness, what wou'd break the Rock.

Nor can we now thy impious Arms display
Too foul for Numbers, Lustful Asmoday!
A Goat, and worse thy filken Banner bears,
Thy warlike Musick, melting Lydian airs.
Syrens behind, and Basilisks before,
Troops of lew'd Poets are thy Guard De Cori
Crowds of both Sexes, flow with Flow'r thy way,
But which more numerous, we must not say.
Numerous of both, engag'd 'till Death they bee,
And true to their Departed Friend and Thee:
Michael and Cæsar thy black Prince engage,
But thou'rt below a Kings or Angels rage.
The Fasces may divide, the Axe wee'l spare,
Thee and thy Rout the Rods alone will scare.

Blasphemous Belial! next thy Squadrons stand!
Lawless and Lewd, a baffled blasted band,
Each holds a kindled Pamphlet in his hand.
With Names of Blasphemy thy Ensign's spread,
And, Oracles high in the midst is read.

These make the Gross, the rest we may despise,
(Retailers they of Treason, and of Lies.)

Lucifer's Friends, and Cæsars Enemies.

Ah were there none but these, who wou'd not be
Proud and Ambitious of their Enmitie!

There's one small party, near, too near their Line
Which hover yet and scarce know which to joyn.
No black, no ugly marks of Sin disgrace
Their nobler Forms, no malice in their Face:
A Duskier Gleam they wear then e're they fell,
Their Plumes just scorcht, too near ally'd to Hell.
What mad mistaken bravery draws 'em in
Where Constancy's no Virtue but a Sin?
How can they still their fallen Prince esteem?
When false to Heaven, why are they true to him?
O! must they sink! a glorious Starry Race!
They are almost too good for that sad place.
That waits their Fall: It must not, cannot be
If err we do, wee'l err with Charity,
Father! they may be Sav'd! wee'l joyn with Thee!

Quest. 2. From the same Lady.

What if serenely blest with Calms I swam
Pactolus! in thy golden Sanded stream?
Not all the wealth that lavish Chance cou'd give
My soul from Death cou'd one short Hour reprieve.
When from my Heart the wandring Life must move
No Cordial all my useless Gold cou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,
Twou'd tire my Thought to reach the distant side,
Fancy it self twou'd tire to plumb the Abyss;
If I for an uncertain Lease of this
Soul the fair hopes of an eternal bliss?

What if invested with the Royal State
Of dazzling Queens, ador'd by Kings I sat?
Yet when my tremb'g Soul's dislodg'd wou'd be
No Room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth, in Wits and Beautys bloom
Shou'd promise many a flattering Tear to come:
Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flourisher,
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glory marr.
What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
The barren Mountains echoing with my Name?
An envious puff might blast the rising Pride,
And all its bright conspicuous Lusture hide.
If o're my Relicks Monuments they raise
And fill the World with Flattery, or with praise?

Whet

What would ther' all avail, if sink I must,
My Soul to endless shades, my Body to the dust?
Answ.

Nothing, Ah nothing! Virtue only gives
Immortal praise that only ever lives.
What pains wait Vice, what endless Worlds of Woe!
You know full well, but may you never know.

Quest. 3. 'Twas my Misfortune to offend my Father, whereupon he turn'd me out of doors, and repeated his Publish'd resolution never to entertain me as his Son. Thus destitute of Friends, I made my address to a young Gentlewoman, (who deserv'd my better, and refus'd em for my sake) and contriv'd an invisible Friendship with her, who (though she knew my Circumstances, and had no reason to expect an alteration of 'em from the Help of my Parents) shew'd me an inexpressible Constancy and Affection. But now, contrary to both our Expectations, my Father receives me again, but bearing of my contracted Love, has declared, except I forsake her, and resolve to see her no more upon that account, and take the Sacrament upon it, I sha'n't be a farthing the b'wer for him living or dead; should I unadvisedly obey my Father in this, I might justly expect her Destruction in this world, and I think my own in both. My Father with great intreaty is willing to refer it, therefore I being sensible of your goodness to affil'd Querists, hope to make you our Arbitrators. Which is the greatest offence in the eye of God, to disobey my Father in this particular, or break off my solemnly contract'd Love to her. Pray Gentlemen be speedy in your Answer, and excuse the troublesome long Query of your obliged humble Servant.

Answ. You have no power to dispose of your self contrary to your Fathers Consent, and if he forbid your proceedings as soon as he heard of them, your Vows are wholly void, because God Almighty has in this case given him the disposal of them. But on the other side, we much commend those Parents that do not abuse their Authority, remembering they are Commanded not to be bitter against their Children, as it wou'd be to contradict them in such an Affair wherein often the happiness of their lives depends, without they'd a great deal of reason for it. And tho' you must not marry without his Consent, yet you are not obliged to do it without your own; Your Father wou'd do very ill to exact any Promises from you, and much more so by desiring you to confirm them by the Sacrament, since in that holy Duty there shou'd be nothing but what's voluntary. So he has done as prudently by deferring his determinations. He ought to consider the case of the Lady as if it were yours, how she received you when he had turp'd you out of his Favour, and if reason won't prevail wth you, we think it better for him not to lay his Commands upon you, except it will be your absolute ruine. Thus the only way you can Lawfully act, is resolving not to be Disobedient, and try what your submissions and persuasions may do in the procuring your fathers Consent, for twou'd be very ungrateful to be accessary to her unhappiness if it can be possibly avoided.

Advertisements.

12. *The Second Edition of the third Volume of the Athenian Mercury* is now publisht, thole Gentlemen therefore that have long wanted this third Volume to compleat their sets, may have it, of John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry, where is also to be had the entire Sets, or any single Volume, or Mercury, from the first Publication to this time.

13. *The Ladies' Dictionary*, being a pleasant Entertainment for the Fair Sex, a Work never attempted before in English. The Design of this Work is universal, and concerns no less than the whole Sex of Men in some regard, but of Women so perfectly and nearly, that twill be serviceable to them in all their Concerns of Business, Life, Houses, and Conversations. The Author throughout the whole Work intermixes abundance of Sester Occurrences with his other matter, and

you may find here all the Humours of the Town at the bare expence of reading — Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry.

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15. *An Essay upon Reason, and the Nature of Spirits*. By Dr. Burthogge. Dedicated to Mr. Lock. — In this Essay the Author hath advanc'd many things wholly new, (more especially where he treats of the way and manner how Spirits do appear) and concludes with Reflections on Dr. Sherlocks Notion about Individuation. Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry.

Advertisement touching Dr. Hammond's Works and Dr. Cudworth's Intellectual System.

16. Whereas Dr. Hammond's Work in 4. large Volumes, in Folio formerly sold for 5. L. bound, were lately proposed to Sale at 55. s. in Quires, which is cheaper than it can now be printed: This is to certify to all persons who are willing to be supplied with them, that they will continue to be sold at that price, ('till Midsummer-day next and no longer) by Thomas Dring at the Harrow at Chancery-Lane-end, and E. Wilkinson at the Black-Boy over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. Dr. Cudworth's is now sold at 12. s. 6. d. in quires, which though advanced 2 s. 6. d. more than it was proposed, at it is however yet at less than the first cost, considering the addition of his Notion of the Sacrament, and Sermons, and will continue no longer than Midsummer next to be sold at that price.

17. *A Commentary on the five Books of Moses: With a Dissertation concerning the Author or Writer of the said Books; and a General Argument to each of them*. Fitted for the use of Families. By Richard, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. In two Volumes. London, Printed by J. Heptinstall, for William Rogers at the Sun against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street. 1694.

18. *Elixir Magnum Stomachicum: Or, the great Cordial Elixir for the Stomach, of a delicate Flavour, and pleasant bitterish Taste: Not Buring, but Cordial only; to be drank at any time, (but especially in a Morning) in any Liquor, as Ale, Tea, Mum, Canary, White-Wine, A Dram of Brandy, &c. It makes the best Purl in the World in Ale, and Purl Royal in Sack, and in Tea, &c. very pleasant and wholesome, giving each of them a fragrant smell and taste, far exceeding Purl made of Wormwood, which (being so hot and drying) spoils the Sight, dulls the Brain, and dries up the Blood: This having the Quininesce of all the Ingredients of the bitter Draught (so much in use) in it, with many other excellent Stomachicks and Antiscorbuticks brought into so small a quantity, as that 30 or 40 Drops is a Dose; you may make it in an instant your self, in any of the aforesaid Liquors, but White-wine or Tea best, and it much surpasses the common Bitter Potion in pleasantness and virine: This procures a good Appetite, helps Digestion and all Indispositions of the Stomach, or Sickness, Loathing, Nauseousness (especially after a Surfeit or hard Drinking) strengthening it wonderfully, expels all Wind, purifies the Blood, and destroys the Scurvy beyond any Medicine known, with 3 or 4 Virtues more mentioned in the Bills sold with it, as its excellencye for those that Travel by Sea or Land, &c. to which Bills I referr you, to be had gratis at the places where 'tis sold. Price One Shilling each Bottle.*

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19. *London*, Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry. 1694.